

# CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

**BOOM!** 4  
STUDIOS™

## THE DARK WATCH



**BRANDON SEIFERT**  
**TOM GARCIA**

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

IMPERIAL



CLIVE BARKER'S  
**HELLRAISER**<sup>TM</sup>

THE DARK WATCH

**BOOM!**4  
STUDIOS<sup>TM</sup>



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IMMEDIATE



# CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

## THE DARK WATCH

WRITTEN BY  
**CLIVE BARKER** AND  
**BRANDON SEIFERT**

ART BY  
**TOM GARCIA** (PAGES 1-19)  
**KORKUT OZTEKIN** (PAGES 20-22)

COLORS BY  
**VLADIMIR POPOV**

LETTERS BY  
**TRAVIS LANHAM**

COVER A                      COVER B                      COVER C  
**IBRAIM ROBERSON    LORENA CARVALHO    IBRAIM ROBERSON**

ASSISTANT EDITOR  
**CHRIS ROSA**

EDITOR  
**MATT GAGNON**

SPECIAL THANKS TO MARK MILLER AND BEN MEARES

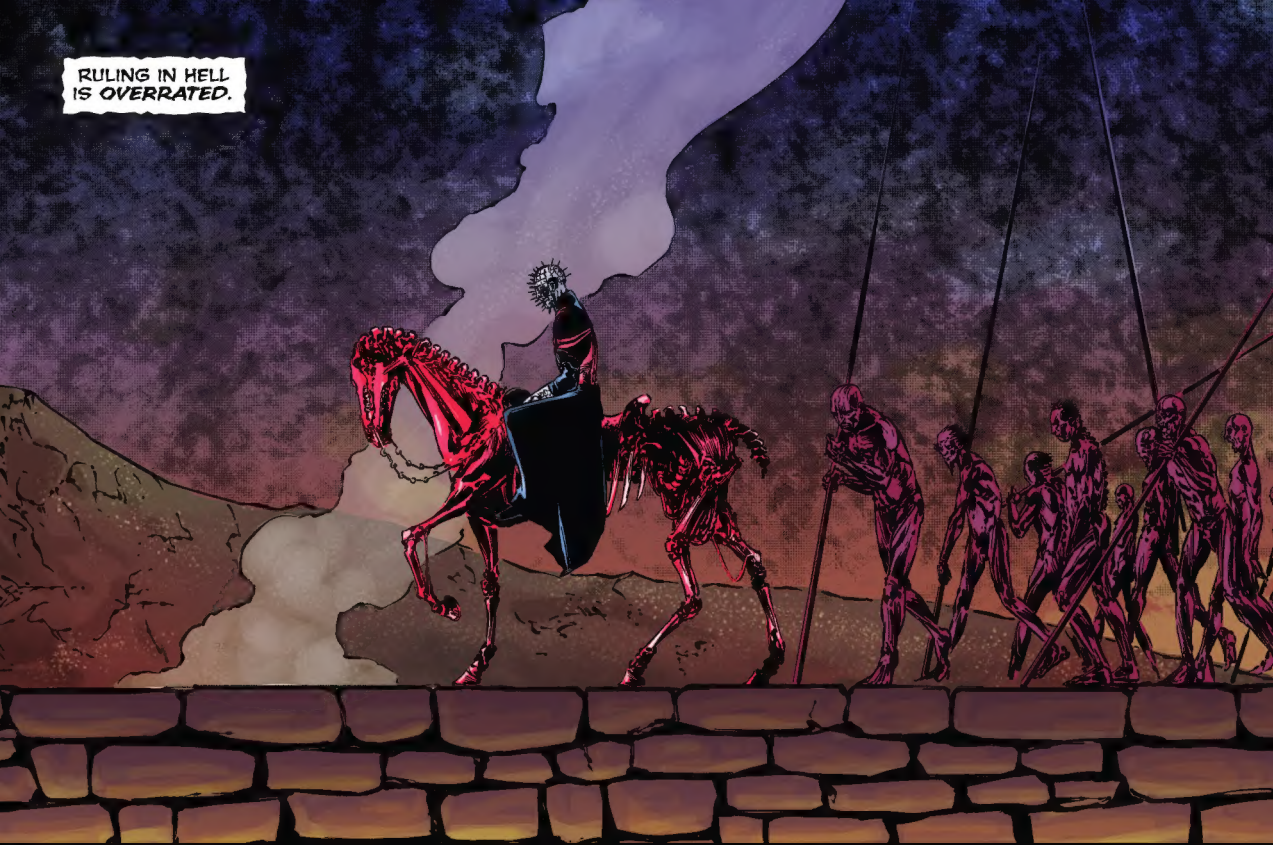
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STUDIOS

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RULING IN HELL  
IS OVERRATED.



IT'S BEEN A YEAR  
SINCE I STOPPED  
BEING **HARRY  
D'AMOUR**, NEW  
YORK PRIVATE  
INVESTIGATOR  
AND PART-TIME  
**DEMON HUNTER**--



--AND BECAME  
**D'AMOUR**, CURRENT  
HIGH PRIEST OF HELL.  
AND IN THAT TIME, I'VE  
COME TO UNDERSTAND  
**ONE THING**--

--WHY **ELLIOTT  
SPENCER** WOULD  
RISK LIFE AND  
SOUL TO QUIT  
THIS JOB.



IF IT'S NOT  
THE INCESSANT  
**LITURGIES** I HAVE  
NO EAR FOR, IT'S  
THE CONSTANT  
**TORTURE** OF DAMNED  
SOULS I HAVE NO  
**STOMACH** FOR--

--OR IT'S  
DIRECTING THE  
OTHER **CENOBITES**  
IN THEIR DUTIES.  
INCLUDING LEADING  
THE NEW **CRUSADER**  
ARMY IN THEIR  
DRILLS.



ALL IN ALL,  
IT'S ALMOST A  
**RELIEF** WHEN  
SOMEONE TRIES  
TO ASSASSINATE  
ME.





ALMOST.



HIS NAME IS  
**DARRIEUX  
MARCHETTI**--THE  
"CANKERIST." A  
THEOLOGICAL  
ASSASSIN.

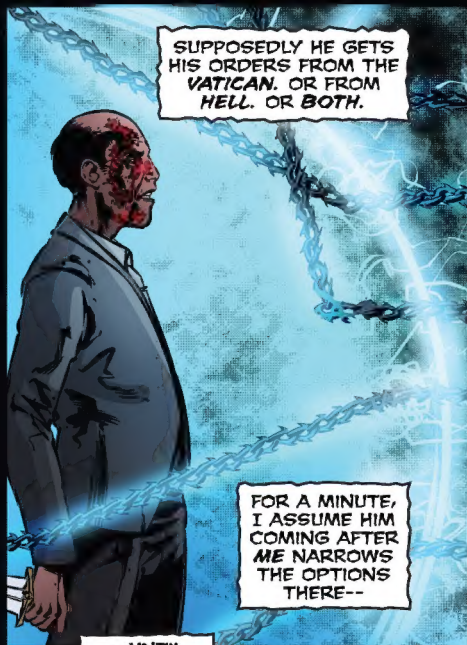
I RAN  
AFOUL OF  
HIM YEARS  
AGO--



--KILLING A  
WOMAN TO  
GET AT HER  
**UNBORN CHILD.**  
AT **CHRISTMAS.**  
WHILE MUTTERING  
ABOUT A  
"SURFEIT OF  
MESSIAHS."

NICE  
GUY.





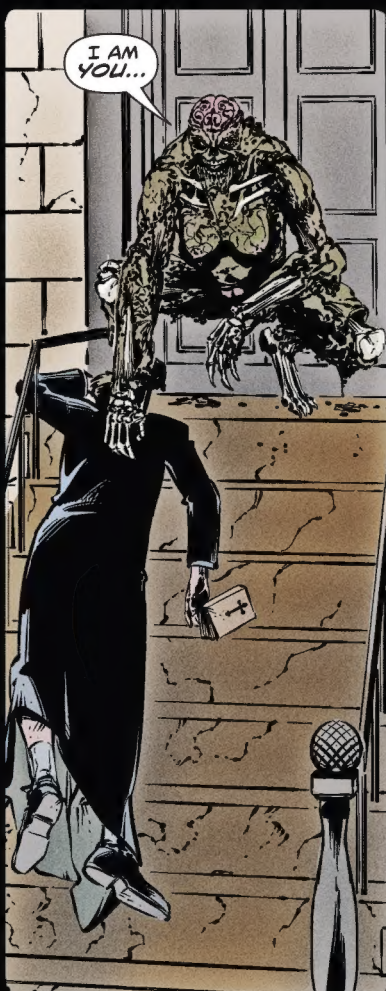
SUPPOSEDLY HE GETS  
HIS ORDERS FROM THE  
VATICAN. OR FROM  
HELL. OR BOTH.

FOR A MINUTE,  
I ASSUME HIM  
COMING AFTER  
ME NARROWS  
THE OPTIONS  
THERE--

--UNTIL  
HE BLOWS  
MY MIND.



THERE  
ARE MANY  
HELLS. OF ALL  
PEOPLE, YOU  
SHOULD KNOW  
THAT.



I AM  
YOU...



MARCHETTI'S  
GOT SOME KIND  
OF TALISMAN  
THAT PREVENTS  
THE POWERS OF  
HELL FROM  
HURTING HIM.



GLAD I  
DIDN'T PUT  
ALL MY EGGS  
IN THAT  
BASKET.



IN THE  
FRAY, I  
LOSE TRACK  
OF THE  
CANKERIST'S  
SPECIAL  
CENOBITE-  
KILLING  
KNIFE.



BET IT'LL  
SHOW UP  
SOME TIME  
LATER...

...BETWEEN  
MY RIBS.

GOT HIS *TALISMAN*.  
THOUGH. PROBABLY  
GOING TO COME IN  
*HANDY* SOMEDAY.

WE FEED MARCHETTI  
INTO THE *CENOBIITE*  
CONVERTER--NO SENSE  
WASTING A PERFECTLY  
GOOD *SOLDIER*, JUST  
BECAUSE HE'S IN  
SOMEONE ELSE'S ARMY.



BUT HE'S  
GOT ONE *LAST*  
*SURPRISE*  
FOR ME...

YOU  
HONESTLY  
THINK YOU'RE  
THE ONE IN CONTROL  
HERE, D'AMOUR?  
YOU'RE A PUPPET--  
AND LEVIATHAN'S  
PULLING YOUR  
STRINGS!

THINK,  
HARRY!  
WHY WOULD  
LEVIATHAN--  
ERRG--  
CHOOSE  
YOU?



IT'S A QUESTION  
THAT CUTS ME  
LIKE A *RAZOR*.  
(MAYBE IT WAS  
*SUPPOSED* TO?)

WHY *AM* I HERE?  
WHY *DID* LEVIATHAN  
CHOOSE *ME* WHEN  
HIS LAST TWO HIGH  
PRIESTS TOOK EACH  
OTHER DOWN?

AN  
ASSASSIN. SENT  
TO *MURDER* YOU--  
ONLY TO SWELL THE  
RANKS OF HELL'S  
*NEW ARMY*.

MY *LIEUTENANT*  
IS TALKING BEHIND  
ME, BUT I BARELY  
NOTICE...

THEN SHE SAYS  
SOMETHING THAT  
*CUTS ME, TOO*.

WHAT  
IS THIS  
NEW *ARMY*  
FOR?





WHY AM  
I HERE?

I'VE WONDERED  
THAT, THIS LAST  
YEAR, PLENTY OF  
TIMES--BUT MY  
NEW DUTIES WERE  
ALWAYS THERE TO  
DISTRACT ME.

(MAYBE  
THEY WERE  
SUPPOSED  
TO?)

"THERE ARE *MANY*  
*HELLS*." THAT'S GOT A  
RING OF TRUTH TO IT.

I'VE FOUGHT PLENTY  
OF DEMONS THAT WERE FAR  
MORE *SUNDAY SCHOOL* THAN  
LEVIATHAN'S WORSHIPPERS--  
THINGS THAT SMELLED OF *SHIT*  
AND *BAD SUSHI*. ALWAYS  
WONDERED *WHY*, AND  
WHERE *THEY* CAME FROM.

THAT PART CHECKS  
OUT. WHAT ABOUT  
THE REST OF IT?

WHY DID LEVIATHAN  
PICK ME? AM I BEING  
PLAYED? AND WHAT IS  
THIS NEW "CRUSADER"  
ARMY FOR?

"CRUSADERS" IMPLY  
A *CRUSADE*. (OR AM  
I READING TOO MUCH  
INTO THAT?)

AND THEN  
MY DUTIES  
PULL ME AWAY,  
AGAIN--AS I  
FEEL THE TUG  
OF A DEVICE  
BEING SOLVED.  
A GATE BETWEEN  
HELL AND EARTH  
TEARING OPEN.

I TRY TO  
IGNORE IT--

--AND THEN  
I SEE THE  
GATE'S OPENER.

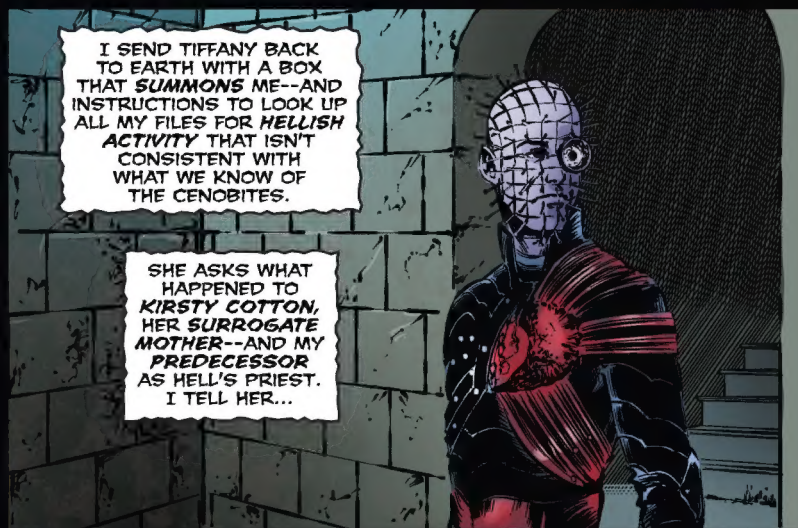
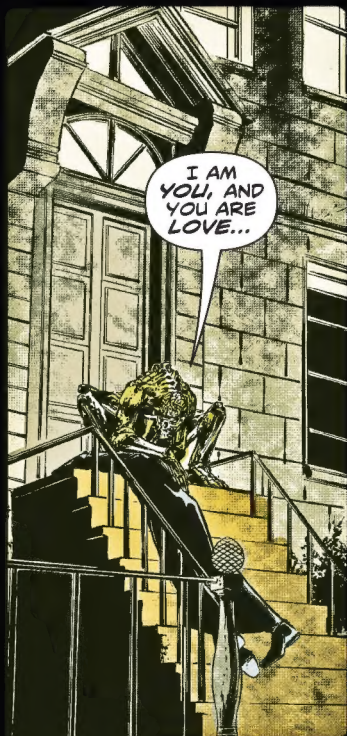
"TIFFANY"--ASSUMED  
NAME. SURVIVOR OF  
HELL, TURNED *HELL-  
FIGHTER*. PART OF MY  
OLD NETWORK--THOUGH  
I NEVER MET HER--

--AND CURRENTLY  
WORKING OUT OF MY OLD  
OFFICE IN NEW YORK. AT HER  
FINGERTIPS? ALL MY FILES,  
ALL MY *PARANORMAL*  
*CONTACTS*--AND THE  
WORLD OF THE *LIVING*.

I COULDN'T  
TELL YOU WHEN  
I CAME TO THE  
DECISION I DID--

--BUT DUTIES  
BE *DAMNED*.  
I'M GOING TO  
GET TO THE  
BOTTOM OF  
THIS. *ALL*  
OF THIS.







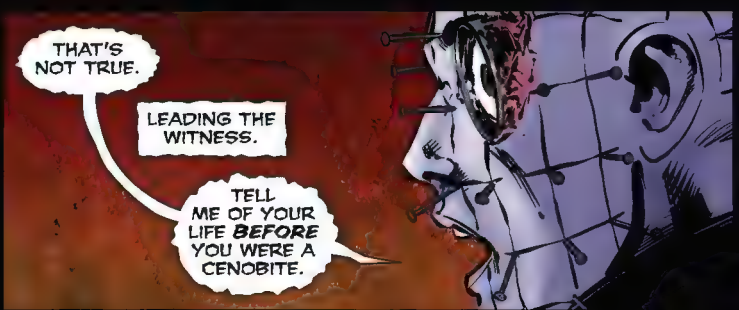


YOU, CRUSADER.  
TELL ME ABOUT YOUR LIFE AS A HUMAN.



I HAD NO HUMAN LIFE. I HAVE ALWAYS SERVED LEVIATHAN.

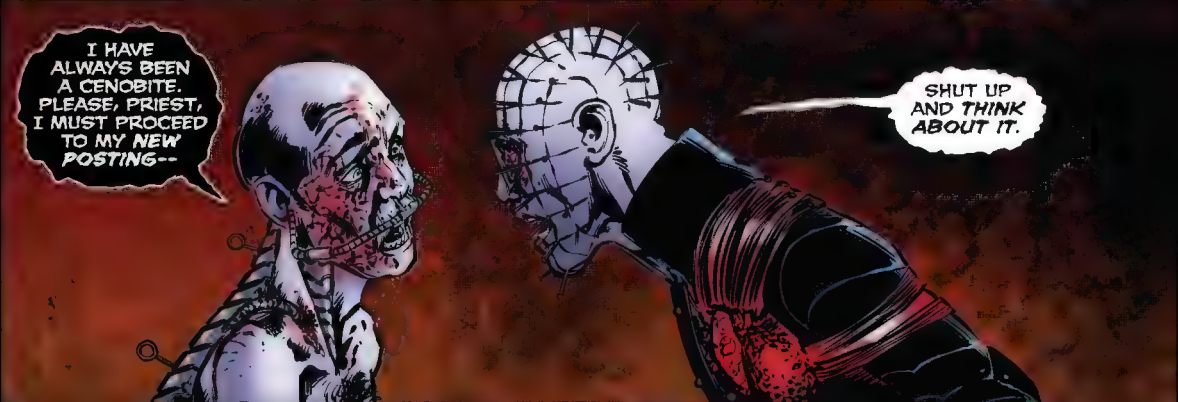
HIGH PRIEST, I MUST ATTEND TO MY DUTIES.



THAT'S NOT TRUE.

LEADING THE WITNESS.

TELL ME OF YOUR LIFE *BEFORE* YOU WERE A CENOBITE.



I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A CENOBITE. PLEASE, PRIEST, I MUST PROCEED TO MY NEW POSTING--

SHUT UP AND THINK ABOUT IT.

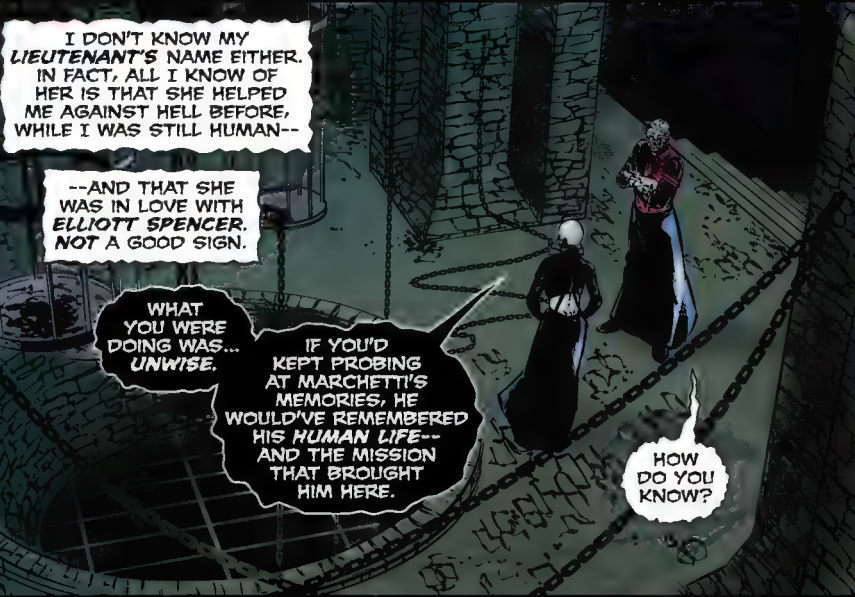


I...  
...I...

AS THE CANKERIST CENOBITE STARTS TO TWITCH, I BEGIN TO THINK...

...MAYBE I SHOULD'VE TRIED A *DIFFERENT* GUINEA PIG FOR THIS. ONE WHO *DIDN'T* COME HERE EXPRESSLY TO KILL ME.





BECAUSE THAT WAS KIRSTY COTTON'S CURSE TO ME AND THE REST OF MY CENOBIUM.

SHE REMINDED US OF THE HUMAN LIVES LONG DROWNED UNDER OUR DECADES IN HELL. I--

--SPENCER NEVER FORGAVE HER THAT TRESPASS.



WHY DID YOUR CENOBIUM HAVE THEIR MEMORIES REPLACED, WHEN I WAS LEFT INTACT?

INTACT. P.T.S.D. FLASHBACKS AND ALL.

AND KIRSTY AND HER CENOBIUM-- THEY ALL RETAINED THEIR HUMAN MEMORIES, RIGHT?

WHY?

ONE ANSWER TO THAT SEEMS STARING YOU IN THE FACE, DETECTIVE.



OF COURSE.

...BECAUSE LEVIATHAN WANTED THINGS FROM ME AND KIRSTY THAT WE COULDN'T GIVE IF HE STRIPPED AWAY OUR PERSONALITIES...

...BUT WHAT LEVIATHAN WANTED FROM ME AND MY KIND--

--REQUIRED VIOLATING OUR MINDS, AS WELL AS OUR BODIES.





THAT'S ALL VERY  
INFORMATIVE--  
PROVIDED I CAN  
TRUST MY LIEUTENANT.  
AND I CAN'T. SHE'S  
BEEN A SERVANT OF HELL  
FOR DECADES--ON TOP  
OF BEING SPENCER'S  
WOMAN, IN HIS  
CENOBIITE DAYS.

INTERVIEWING  
WITNESSES ISN'T  
GETTING ME  
ANYWHERE. TIME  
TO TRY ANOTHER  
TACTIC--

--SURVEILLANCE.  
COULDN'T HELP BUT  
NOTICE THE CANKERIST  
CENOBIITE WAS TRYING  
TO GET SOMEWHERE.  
DID MY LIEUTENANT  
REALLY WANT TO KEEP  
ME FROM WAKING  
UP THE HUMAN  
INSIDE HIM--

--OR DID  
SHE WANT  
HIM TO GET  
WHERE HE  
WAS GOING?



MY LIEUTENANT  
WOULD SQUAWK  
IF SHE KNEW I  
WAS OUT IN THE  
PIT WITHOUT AN  
HONOR GUARD.

BUT THE HOI POLLOI OF  
HELL'S DAMNED ARE GOOD AND  
COWED RIGHT NOW, FOLLOWING  
THEIR FAILED UPRISING...



...OR  
MOST  
ARE.

DEATH  
TO--





THIS WAS THE  
CANKERIST'S  
DESTINATION...

...SO WHAT  
IS IT?



AND  
WHY DON'T  
I KNOW  
ABOUT IT?

WHAT IS  
THE MEANING  
OF THIS?

THIS WAY IS  
FORBIDDEN.

BUT I  
AM YOUR  
HIGH  
PRIEST!

TO  
YOU, IT IS  
FORBIDDEN  
MOST OF  
ALL.

YOU HAVE  
BEEN WARNED.  
TURN BACK NOW,  
OR WE WILL  
FORCE YOU  
BACK.



GET  
OUT  
OF MY  
WAY.



SO  
BE IT.





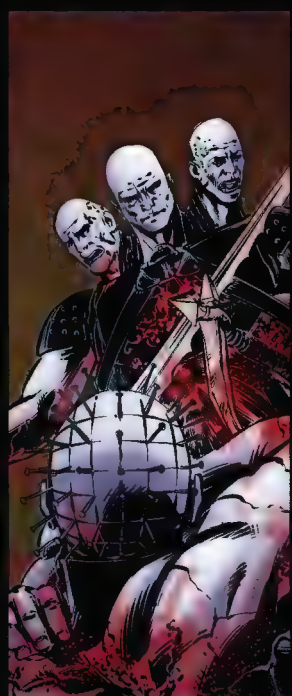
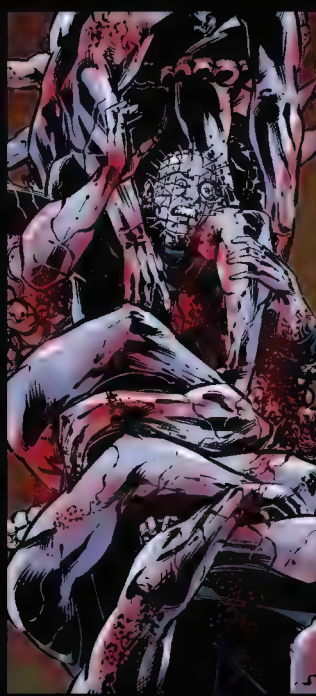
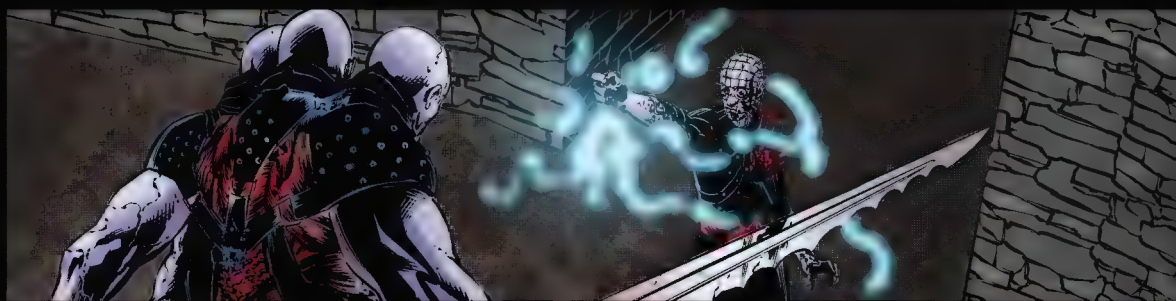






--THAT'S  
NEW.







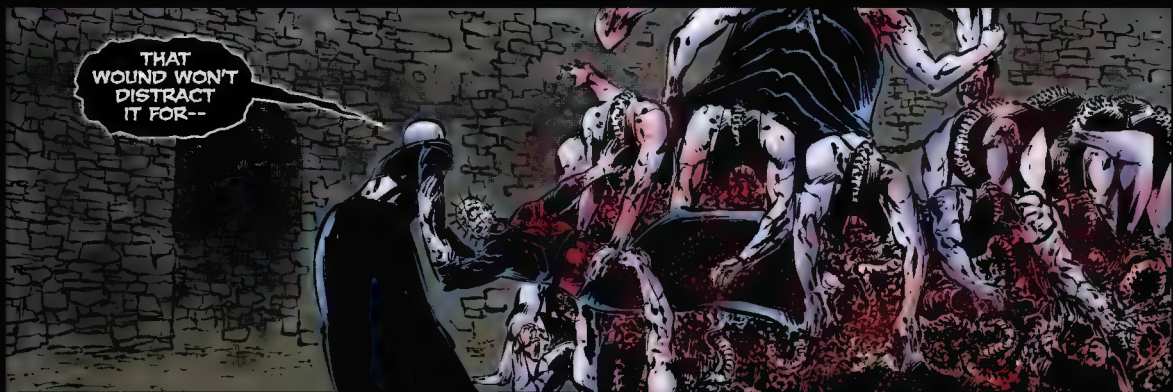


...MARCHETTI'S  
KNIFE? BUT--



--OH.

MY  
LIEGE--  
MOVE!



THAT  
WOUND WON'T  
DISTRACT  
IT FOR--



--LONG.

WELL,  
SHIT.

MARCHETTI'S KNIFE  
CUT THROUGH REGULAR  
CENOBITES LIKE BUTTER.  
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO  
ASSASSINATE ME, A  
HIGH PRIEST--

--AND IT SEEMS  
TO JUST MAKE  
THIS THING MAD.



MY LIEUTENANT  
INVOKES HER  
CHAINS.



IT'S NOT  
ENOUGH...



...BY  
ITSELF.



BUT  
TOGETHER,  
IT PROVES...





...STILL NOT  
ENOUGH!

FUCK!



THAT'S IT.  
WE GAVE OUR  
BEST SHOT.

ALL WE CAN  
DO NOW IS  
ESCAPE WITH  
OUR LIVES...



...NEVER  
MIND.







WHAT  
NOW, MY  
LIEGE?

...KNOW  
ANY GOOD  
PRAYERS?

WHO  
WOULD  
HEAR  
US?

...OH.



THERE'S STILL  
ONE LAST SHOT--

--BUT IT'S A  
LONG ONE.

DO YOU  
REMEMBER  
WHAT IT WAS  
LIKE WHEN  
YOU WERE  
HUMAN?

BECAUSE  
YOU WERE,  
ONCE. ALL OF  
YOU WERE.



TRICKERY.  
LIES.

IT'S NOT  
TRICKERY! YOU  
WERE HUMAN,  
ONCE!

YOU CAME  
HERE WHEN YOU  
DIED--OR YOU DIED  
BECAUSE YOU SOLVED  
A PUZZLE! HELL TURNED  
YOU INTO *THIS*--BUT  
YOU WEREN'T  
ALWAYS LIKE  
THIS!



REMEMBER IT!  
REMEMBER YOUR  
PARENTS! REMEMBER  
YOUR BROTHERS AND  
SISTERS! REMEMBER  
YOUR FAMILY!

THINK OF  
THE SUN ON  
YOUR FACE! THE  
TASTE OF YOUR  
FAVORITE FOOD!  
THE WAY IT FELT  
TO FUCK  
SOMEONE!  
COME ON!

WHO  
WERE  
YOU?



I...

I  
WAS...

OH, GOD, I  
FORGOT--



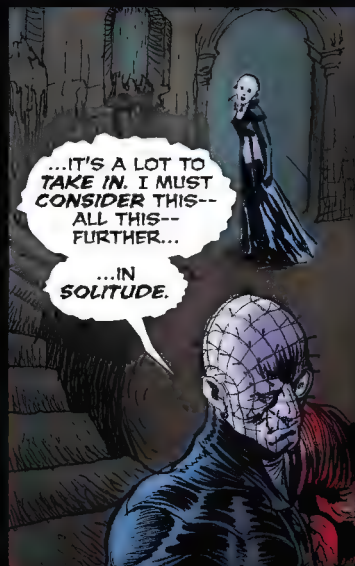
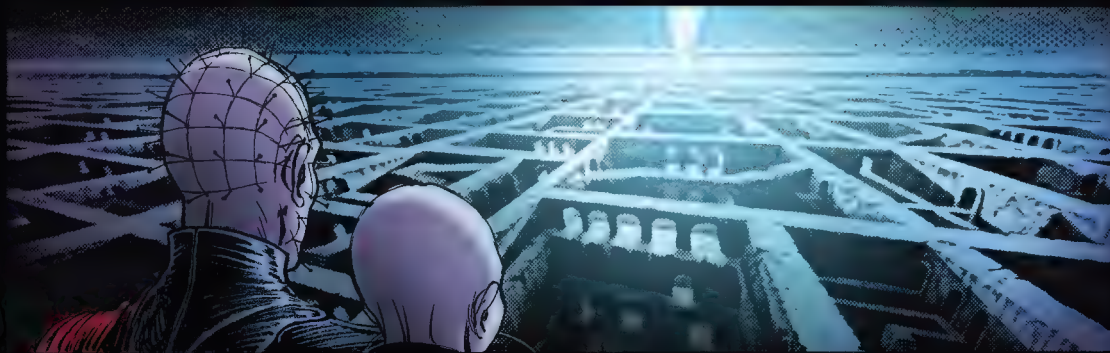
YAAAAHHHHH!!



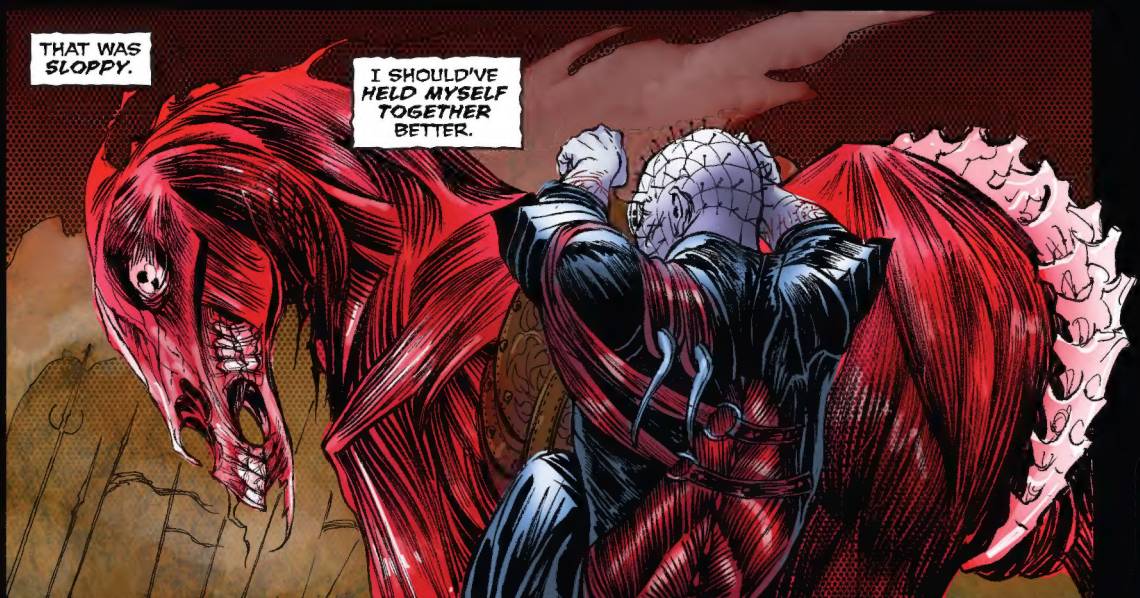












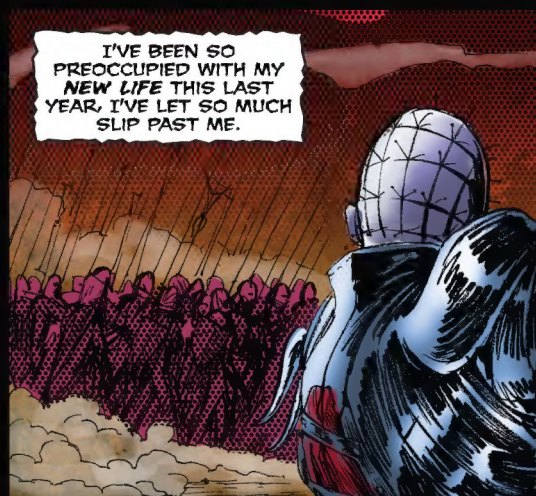
THAT WAS  
SLOPPY.

I SHOULD'VE  
HELD MYSELF  
TOGETHER  
BETTER.



SHE  
SAVED ME--  
BUT I STILL  
DON'T KNOW  
WHERE HER  
ALLEGIANCES  
LIE.

ADD THAT  
TO THE LIST.  
THE BIG PILE  
OF THINGS  
I DON'T KNOW,  
OR HAVEN'T  
BOTHERED  
FINDING OUT.



I'VE BEEN SO  
PREOCCUPIED WITH MY  
NEW LIFE THIS LAST  
YEAR, I'VE LET SO MUCH  
SLIP PAST ME.



SUCH  
AS--ELLIOTT  
SPENCER'S  
INSURRECTION  
STARTED WITH  
HIM TEARING A  
HOLE BETWEEN  
HELL AND  
EARTH.

SO THE  
OBVIOUS  
QUESTION I  
SHOULD'VE  
ASKED IS--





--WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO THE  
HOLE?



IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW.  
THE NEW ARMY--IT'S  
AN INVASION FORCE.  
HELL IS GOING TO  
INVADE EARTH!

IT'S THE FINAL  
BATTLE. THE END OF  
DAYS. HELL'S ARMY  
COMES TO EARTH--



--AND I'M  
SUPPOSED  
TO LEAD IT.

**TO BE CONTINUED!**



# FROM THE BOOM!PEN

Sometimes I'm able to be a part of a project that blows my mind. Whether it's a childhood favorite like **GARFIELD**, or a lauded series like **IRREDEEMABLE**, there are some projects that have a unique, special quality to them. Years ago I had the good fortune to meet Mike Carey. Mike is one of the greatest storytellers our medium has to offer—and one of my personal favorites—so it was very cool to find out that he is also a hell of a nice guy. When we first met, we hit it off immediately and began discussing Mike writing a new project at **BOOM!**

Now, some of you may not know, but Mike is also an accomplished...everything. He's a respected novelist, and has written video games and feature film scripts. If there is an art to writing something, chances are Mike can do it, and do it well. This year, Mike has been nominated for an Edgar® Award for a prose short story he wrote. As you can imagine, this is a man who is extremely busy.

So as time went on we began to discuss this story of a world where superpowers are just beginning to be activated. The only problem is, everybody seems to be a villain. And the tragic few who are heroes end up breaking bad for some reason, or worse, finding themselves outmatched and dead. But if you think superheroes have it rough in this world, what about the regular heroes without superpowers? What about cops? That's where our main character, beat cop Leo Winters, comes in. Cops are dying in droves and Leo is having a hard time standing by and watching his brothers and sisters fall in the line of duty. What follows is a mind-bending story where nothing is what it seems and the world is on the brink. Like some of Mike's best stories, it's an ongoing narrative and the story continues to peel back like an onion with every issue.

This is a story we've been working on for years and the stars have finally aligned. The first issue of **SUICIDE RISK** is in stores now. This ongoing series is drawn beautifully by Elena Casagrande, with covers by the incredibly talented Tommy Lee Edwards and Stephanie Hans.

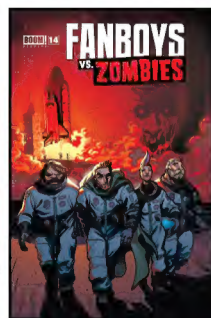
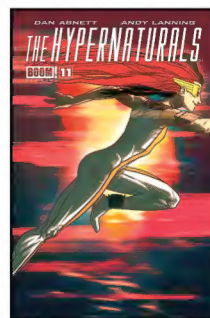
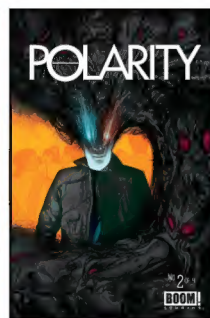
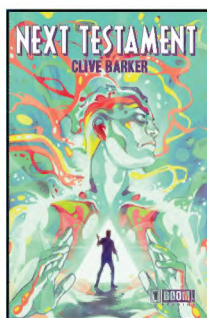
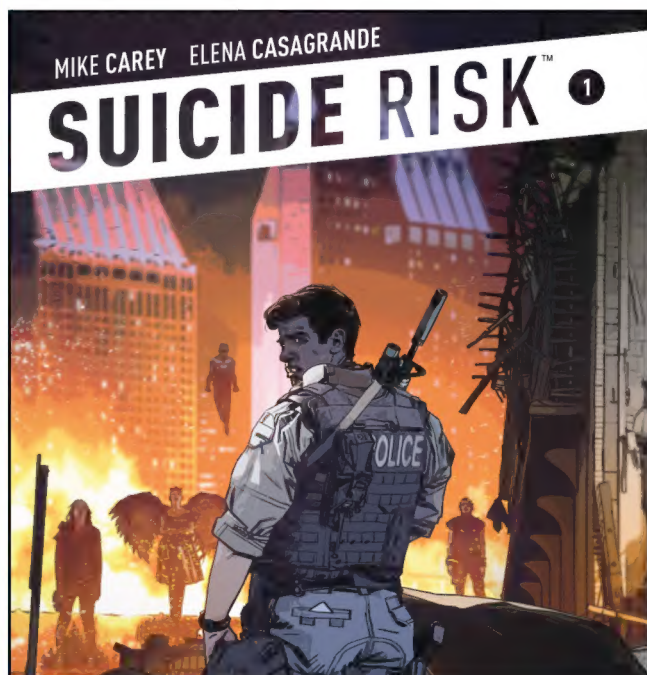
I couldn't be prouder of the result. I hope you'll give it a chance. It's a project that we've put a lot into, and we think you'll enjoy it...if you take the risk.

**Matt Gagnon**  
Editor-in-Chief

# BOOM!

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